

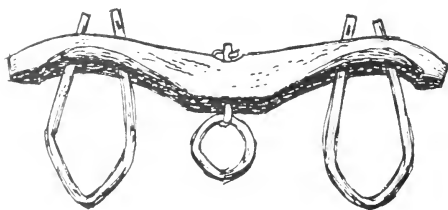
The  
Lincoln Book of Poems

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WILLIAM L. STIDGER

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THE LINCOLN BOOK OF POEMS



# THE LINCOLN BOOK OF POEMS

WILLIAM L. STIDGER



BOSTON  
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W. J. Tucker  
 1864



## LINCOLN'S HEART AN AEOLIAN HARP

Open to the gentle touch of every tiny breeze  
That drifts along the river o'er the fields and trees;  
Atune to every breath of wind that wavers on the  
hill,  
A breath of harmony and song, that breaths above  
the rill.  
Aeolian Harp of highly tempered, vibrant strings;  
Aeolian Harp that whispers, crys, and laughs, and  
sings  
Athrough the sunny day, and through the wind  
tossed night;  
An answering chord of sympathy to every breath—  
or dark or light!

Open, his heart to every gentle touch of every tiny  
pain  
That came into the childish heart when baby hopes  
were slain;  
Atune to every cruel hurt that moaned athrough the  
land,  
A soothing touch beside white cots, of rough yet  
gentle hand;  
Aeolian Harp of highly tempered, vibrant strings  
Responding quick to all the pain of bitter things  
That came to weary hearts; with joy responding to  
the breeze  
Of joy that played in laughter in and out among the  
happy leaves.  
And then in turn wept bitter tears with every  
Mother's pain,  
Because of brother, father, son, in cruel battle slain.  
Ah, Harp atune to every wind that blows along  
the hill;  
Ah, Heart that vibrates to the pulse of every hu-  
man ill!

## HAPPY WHEN OTHERS WERE HAPPY SORRY WHEN OTHERS WERE SAD

"Nothing would make me more miserable than to believe you miserable, nothing more happy than to know you were so." Lincoln, in a letter written to Miss Mary Owens, August 16th, 1837. Springfield, Ill.

Happy when others were happy,  
Sorry when others were sad;  
Such was the love of his great true heart,  
Such was the soul that he had!

Smiled with the boy at his playtime,  
Laughed with his brave soldier men;  
Stories of fun and of frolic  
Rang through the camping place, when  
Lincoln with tender heart journeyed that way.  
Loud rang the mirth and the laughter,  
Droll was the wit and the story that day.

Happy when others were happy,  
Sorry when others were sad;  
Such was the love of his great true heart,  
Such was the soul that he had!

Boy on the night watch is sleeping,  
Homesick, and weary worn lad;  
Mother comes, broken, and weeping,  
Pleading, and yearning and sad;  
Finds a great heart full of pity,  
Finds a sad head bended low.  
Out of that room full of gladness  
With tear bedimmed eyes see her go!

Happy when others were happy,  
Sorry when others were sad;  
Such was the love of his great true heart,  
Such was the soul that he had!

## JUST BE KIND

"After all, the one meaning of life is simply to be kind." Lincoln.

Never Seer of any age has told the world  
Truth more tender, more eternal;  
No philosopher of might has ever hurled  
Across the far flung reaches of the years  
Truth more virile, truth more pregnant  
With promise born of the eternal Christ himself;  
Born of suffering, and pain, and tears;  
Promised hope to all the world of human kind;—  
Easing of the wearing world old fears;  
And yet, 'tis only this, just to be kind, to be kind!

Universal language, though unspoken, of mankind;  
Understood instinctively by beast as well as man;  
Whether here in halls of learning or in yonder  
    slough we find  
Him groveling in the worm fed slime, and dirt,  
    and mire,  
Seeing him, nor blue spread stretch above, nor God-  
    like heart of love;  
Understood by worshipper of wind, or earth, or  
    fire;  
Wise or foolish, high or lowly; all will understand;  
All the world of throbbing, breathing, living kind!  
If you'll do only this: just to be kind, to be kind!

## WHERE THERE GREW A THISTLE

"I have not done much, but this I have done—  
wherever I have found a thistle growing I have  
tried to pluck it up, and in its place I have planted  
a flower."—Lincoln.

Ah Lincoln, many a flower of joy and hope  
You planted where the thistles grew  
In weary hearts that beat in bitter pain,  
Nor pity, love, nor comfort knew;  
Until YOU came that way with open hand  
And scattered seeds of flowers in the sand.

Full many a little child with tear stained face  
Could point with pride and joy along the way  
Where erst while was a stony, stumbling place  
That you smoothed o'er one stormy, dismal day,  
And earthed the seed of wondrous, Fairy Flowers,  
Which eased the tears and gilded sweet, the hours.

And many, many soldiers boys in stress and pain,  
Aweep for lack of love, and tender care,  
Have learned to breath with reverence your name,  
Because, along their thorny pathways there  
You planted seeds of love that bloomed, to be  
Flowers of peace, and rest, and sweet beauty.

And, Mothers too, will long remember you,  
Because, along their weary road of life  
Where cruel thorns, and thistles grew,  
You rendered sweeter far the bitter strife  
Of war, and death, by sowing seeds, and dropping  
tears  
That flowers of pity still might bloom along those  
years.

Teach us, Oh kindly man, of Kingly heart  
To stifle all the thistles and the thorns;  
To play, with Thine own sweetness, well our part  
In life's sad drama, though our way be drear  
As yours was once; and help us keep aback the tears  
By planting seeds of flowers everywhere we go;  
As you, by leaving flowers of love, where thistles  
grow!

## "ACQUAINTED WITH GRIEF"

"I have been too familiar with disappointments to be very much chagrined with defeat". Spoken by Lincoln in his first public address at Salem, March 9th, 1832.

A little lad he was when first he knew the pain of  
grief;

'Mother's little Soldier, comrade, Mother's little  
Man'

She called him, sounding deep, as only Mothers can  
His childish heart, unearthing qualities that seemed  
beyond belief.

Warm, and sweet was that dear comradeship, as  
Summer sun

Through nine ambitious, reaching years of tender,  
sweet boyhood—

When suddenly, a morning, bleak and drear, broke  
o'er his little world

And God had taken from his life that understanding  
one.

Ah yes, he knew what disappointment meant;  
His was a life with deepest sorrow blent!

In early manhood's breaking dawn he felt again that  
thrust of pain.

Comrade was she, dear and tender flower of woman-  
hood,

Who came, and soothed, and loved, and ever un-  
derstood.

His hopes had world wide grown since down his  
rugged path she came!

Tender, deep, was that dear comradeship, as brood-  
ing stream

When Summer winds of Southland play along its  
flowered way.

Then suddenly, black clouds drove back the glory  
of that day,  
And she was gone from him;—alone he stood, shattered his dream.

Ah yes, he knew what disappointment meant;  
His was a life with deepest sorrow blent!

A little lad with happy face to cheer a lonely Father heart  
Came to him in the wearied years of that long, cruel, bitter strife  
Of war, and pain, when sorrow brooded o'er his saddened life.  
Alone he stood from all the world, save that one little soul, apart.  
Close, and sad was that dear comradeship, as Autumn days  
Are dear to hearts that weep, and souls that live in loneliness.  
But suddenly his great heart fills with saddened pain and stress—  
The little lad is gone;—Ah lonely man, who walks in lonely ways!

Ah yes, he knew what disappointment meant;  
His was a life with deepest sorrow blent!



## THE HUMBLE WALK OF LIFE

"I was born, and have ever remained, in the most humble walks of life". Spoken by Lincoln in his first address to the people of Sangamon County, Salem, Ill., on the 9th of March, 1832. His first public address.

Yes, Lincoln, you have walked the humble walks of  
life;  
You have known the way of pain, and bitter strife;  
Sprang you from dear Mother Earth, her noble  
son,  
And Man of Might, with soul triumphant, stalwart  
one!

Yes, Lincoln, common ways have known your  
mighty tread;  
Humble paths o'er which your strident foot-falls  
led;  
But you have given glory to the poor man's weary  
load,  
The pack the humble man bears down life's com-  
mon road!

The common man is King of All men living now,  
since  
You have trod the common path with princely rev-  
erence,  
And we have learned to love the common man the  
more  
Because you, Lincoln, trod that Holy way before!

## THAT WONDROUS NAME!

"I cannot but know what you all know, that without a name, perhaps without a reason why I should have a name, there has fallen upon me a task such as did not even rest upon the Father of his country." From an address to the legislature of Ohio, Feb. 13th, 1861.

"Lincoln", name that men now speak with reverent hearts,

'Tis true, was once unknown, unsought, unfamed  
Of men, unspoken in the far spread, untilled parts  
Of his own land, a great eternal soul unnamed  
By human ken, yet christened well by an eternal hand

To raise a sunken race, and save his native land!

"Lincoln", name that all the world has come to know;

Name that all men speak with piteous, tender touch,  
Because he knew the way of thorny paths to go;  
Because, like million weary souls, he suffered much!  
Because, like Christ of Calvary, he loved all those  
Who suffered pain, as one, who, suffering knows!

"Lincoln", name that shall be whispered down  
The murmuring corridors of changing years,  
And centuries that, whirling, come and go;  
Name that gathers 'round it hallowed mist of tears;  
Name that centuries will cut like glacial grooves  
Deep in the breast of time, the coming worlds to move!

## “WITH HIM I CANNOT FAIL”

“Without the assistance of that Divine Being I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail. Trusting in him who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well.” Lincoln.

What Faith, what Trust, what Hope was yours  
Ah, Man of Might, of stalwart strength!  
Your faith unhemmed by swinging doors  
Of minster, church, or stately length  
Of steeple spire; by creed, or race;  
But in the Eternal's ever kindly grace  
You trusted, knowing that you could not fail!

What confidence that held you strong  
All through the blackened, dreary night  
Of war, so gruelling, so bitter, and so long?  
What deeper insight made you know the right  
When all your world was saying you were wrong,  
And cruel cries of hate came from the countless  
throng?  
Ah, it was because you trusted God, and knew you  
could not fail!

What love was it that kept you kindly sweet  
When your own life was touched with sorrow's  
sear?  
And all the world that seemed to you most meet  
Grew black; when she that seemed to you most dear  
Was gone, and sorrow deeply hovered over you?  
How was it that you held you nobly true?  
Ah, it was because you trusted, knowing that HE  
would not fail!

## THE PURE THREAD

Into the strong man's life there came  
At this time, one whose softening touch  
Upon his rugged life had much  
To do with all his tender fame.

Ann Rutledge was the daughter of  
An old romantic southern home  
Where often in the southern gloam  
She dreamed her dream of future love.

When Lincoln met her first she seemed  
A simple Rose touched, timid maid,  
A Fairy of the dale and glade,  
Unspoiled, unblighted as she dreamed.

All who knew her loved her, when  
They saw the beauty of her soul.  
And e'en to-day great tear drops roll  
From eyes of those who knew her then.

Strong Lincoln learned to love her with  
Such love as lasts beyond the years;  
A love untouched of hurt or fears;  
A love but such as great souls give!

Into life's motely fabric he  
Was weaving one pure thread of love  
To bind his heart to God above,  
And link his soul eternally!

## THAT SACRED HOUR

(“Lincoln was sent for and spent one hour with Ann Rutledge before she died.”) Ida M. Tarbell.

For you and me to pry into that chamber there,  
Where she was lying, pale and weak, with golden  
hair

About her face, and eyes of love once more full  
bright

When he came in, at last, for all to say ‘Good-  
Night’;

Would be the direst sacrilege, though deep our  
love!

Just two that scene was for,—and God above!

One hour alone with her, one anguished hour he  
spent;

No human eye to see his pain, no comfort, save the  
heaven lent

Its sunshine creeping through the open door to light  
her dying face;

A symbol of the light that was for her beyond the  
bode of human place.

No spoken word from that sad hour has yet been  
told mankind;

But see the piteous man who stumbles out, broken  
groping, blind!

## FLOW GENTLY NOW, SWEET SANGAMON

(The Sangamon is the river beside which Lincoln and Ann Rutledge used to wander in their love days, and beside which Ann Rutledge is now buried.)

Sweet Sangamon flow gently now,  
For she sleeps here, her whitened brow  
And slender form relaxed in rest,  
Her grave in flowered splendor dressed.  
Flow gently now, it does not seem  
That she is dead, but just adream  
Beside Thy softly flowing stream.

Flow silently, sweet Sangamon,  
While evening shadows creep along  
The pathways leading to her grave,  
Where gentle breezes waft and wave.  
Flow gently now, it does not seem  
That she is dead, but just adream  
Beside Thy softly flowing stream.

Speak softly, O sweet Sangamon,  
Do not disturb that saddened one;  
That 'Man of Sorrows' kneeling there  
Amid the evening's hallowed air.  
Just whisper now; it does not seem  
That she is dead, but just adream  
Beside Thy softly flowing stream.

Far from this scene flow on, flow on  
To other lands sweet Sangamon,  
But ne'er forget that Thou hast seen  
This grave of love, this spot of green!  
Flow gently then, sweet Sangamon  
To other lands flow on, flow on,  
And tell the world it does not seem  
That she is dead, but just adream  
Beside Thy softly flowing stream.

## THE SANGAMON'S GLORY

Ah, Sangamon awind among the little hills,  
Full fed by many bursting brooks, and tumbling  
rills,  
Until Thy widening, wandering bed  
Through broadening, flowered banks of green is led!

What beauties here of hill, and wood, and field;  
Of grasses soft, and flowers, many hued, Thy path-  
ways yield!

What waters clear, and shadowing myriad leaves  
Are fluttering in Thy darkened depth where  
spreading trees

Bend over Thee to touch Thy breast with finger  
tips of love!

What massive, fleeting banks of snowy clouds above  
Are mirrored in Thy passive, dreaming, beauteous  
eyes!

What fire of red, and purpled evening's darkened  
skies

At times seem resting on Thy Mother breast,  
As day-light sinks to night below the wolding west!

And yet, Oh Sangamon of beauteous, wondrous  
mein,

To lingering, loving, memory haunted lovers it  
would seem

That Thou art glorious, not because of these  
Thy flowers, shadowed leaves, and bending trees;  
Thy banks of green enclosing tender mother breast;  
Nor yet because of Thy reflected beauties o' the  
west;

But Thou art wondrous, more, O haunted stream  
Because, upon Thy banks THEY dreamed their  
dream

Of love, of home to be, of hope the future held  
When their two lives the coming years would weld  
To one great heart; and thus, they, wandering,  
talked

Of love, and home, as down thy winding, flowered  
paths they walked  
At evening time amid the scented days of balmy  
June,  
When love, and flowers were bursting into living  
bloom,  
And birds were mating in the new massed bowers  
of leaves,  
And throbbing songs were bursting from Thy  
spreading trees!

'Twas on this very spot of green they stood;  
They wandered hand in hand athrough this very  
wood;  
Aye, over these same hills at sunset time they  
strolled  
And stalwart Lincoln breathed into her heart the  
story old  
Of love, and hope, and home, while blushing wo-  
manhood  
In all its purity, with lowered eyes all meekly stood  
Beside the noble man; Ann Rutledge, daughter of  
a Southern home,  
Woman of tenderness, cheeks of Roses yet unblown;  
Tears of joy, pulse of stirring dawn;—just here,  
Perhaps upon this very knoll, full many a year  
Ago, this love, that all the world has known  
Was born, amid the subtle charm of evening's shad-  
owed gloam.

Because of that, O Sangamon, O beauteous stream  
We tread Thy sacred paths with footsteps reverent,  
And glory in Thy many flashing, shimmering  
gleams  
Of light,—but walk with prayer, our heads in love  
full bent,  
Because THEY walked these woodland, cloistered  
halls,  
So shall we walk this day amid Thy myriad memory  
calls!



## AT THE GRAVE OF ANN RUTLEDGE

(The grave of Ann Rutledge is marked by a simple stone, with name, and date of birth and death carved on it.)

“Ann Rutledge”, just a simple stone,  
Half buried in the slender grass.  
That name alone  
Carved with unskilled hand  
To mark the resting place  
Of that fair Southland Flower,  
Which bloomed in tender grace  
Along a strong man’s sunless bower,  
To touch to sweetness for awhile  
A sad man’s rugged life  
With summer sun, and smile;  
And then to die at Autumn time,  
And leave his world all desolate  
With hopelessness, and sad repine,  
As fades the flower on the hill,  
Or dies the Warbler’s summer trill.

“Ann Rutledge”, just a simple stone  
That rests beneath a clump of trees;  
From other graves apart, alone;  
Where scented drifts of summer breeze  
Come softly stirring o’ the leaves  
Of grass, all whispering her  
Of love now known in every wold,  
With all its pity, tenderness, and blur  
Of mist that falls the while  
Where’er that tear touched, tender tale is told.

"Ann Rutledge",—no monument to mark  
Your last earth resting place;  
No granite shaft towers to the sky  
In tall majestic grace—,  
But e'er for you, the breezes sigh  
And breathe above a simple stone.  
More fitting that for your sweet life!  
Itself untouched of bitter strife;  
Of envy's forward clutch for fame  
To crown a king and win him fame;  
No Cleopatra's wiles were yours;  
No Helen's Troy e'er op'd its doors  
That you might enter robed in gold;  
No Guinevere a king's life sold;  
For you were but a tender child of  
Goodness, and of light,  
Foreordained to gleam the night  
Of greater king than story holds,  
Or history's great page unfolds;  
Your king, a king of greater worth  
Than all the rulers of the earth!

"Ann Rutledge", and no other mark  
To tell the world your tender fame.  
Above your rest there sings a Lark;  
About your life, about your name  
The glory of unopened flowers  
Lingers in the twilight hours,  
Suggesting in their sweet perfume  
The morning promise of the noon;  
A promise that the wonder Will  
Of God hushed, e'er it found fulfill.  
And yet the sweetness of your life  
We see in that great saddened man,  
For your dear touch to him was more  
Than ever king has felt before!  
Ah, sad thought: You ne'er saw him, when  
He wore his country's diadem  
Of Love, and Faith, and Willing Trust  
For like his own great life's dear hope,  
Your's ended e'er the bud was broke!

## "I CANNOT FORGET"

(From a scene in Lincoln's life as taken from Ida M. Tarbell's History of Lincoln.)

How many tired, broken hearts have sent that bitter  
cry  
Throbbing out into the night against a blackened  
sky!  
How many hearts have suffered too, that could not  
e'er forget!  
How many souls though long apart are longing,  
longing yet!  
How many eyes have peered out through the rain  
and snow at night  
With vision dimmed and dying soul all seared with  
bitter blight!  
How many arms have upward reached as though  
the loved one there  
Would come with gentle breath at night from out  
the evening air!  
How many eyes have filled with tears, adream  
athrough the drifting years;  
How many, many lips have cried; how many, many  
souls have died,  
Because, brave souls, their tender hearts could not  
forget!

## BESIDE WHITE COTS

See that rugged man there, kneeling  
Down beside that wounded boy,  
With a word of subtle healing,  
Tender word of love and joy!  
Who is that kingly one?  
'Tis the great, and kind Lincoln!

Reaching out his big rough hands  
Touching gently, fevered brow;  
(All the sorrow in the land  
Makes his great soul tender now!)  
Who is that kindly one?  
'Tis the tender man, Lincoln!

Smoothing back the ruffled hair,  
Holding close the pain clenched palms,  
Breathing words of holy prayer,  
Sweetly reading comfort psalms.  
Who is that kindly one?  
'Tis the reverent Lincoln!

See him bending low his head  
Where that soldier breathes his last,  
Kneeling down beside the bed,  
Tears are falling free and fast.  
Who is that kindly one?  
'Tis the saddened man, Lincoln!

## LINCOLN'S GETHSEMANE

The night was gloom, the city streets were bare and lone.

The war was cruel with blood of slain, and many a home

Was dark that night for lack of music, lack of song,  
And no laugh rang out through the darkened gloam,  
As that tall, sad faced person passed the streets  
along.

A row of empty houses, cheerless, with unlighted fires

He passes as he walks along with deep, untold desires

To end the war; but even then his human heart  
can hear the call

Of God to fight the battle through though deep the pall.

Then out along the fields amid the lowering night  
he roams

Amid the hurt of soul, the slain of life, the deepening gloams!

And kneeling there beside a rugged storm flung rock

Which many centuries had scorned the sweeping shock;

He lifted up his weary soul, helpless, to God above;  
A soul all torn with doubt, and hurt, and Universal Love;

And cried: "Oh what am I, my God that Thou  
should'st bid me go

To further ends! Oh, what am I, that Thou  
should'st trust me so?"

## THE FACE OF LINCOLN

That massive head is raised unto the sky;  
A pleading look, a piteous, broken cry  
Goes up to God; a cry of soul torn pain  
For all the weary, broken hearted, and the slain.

And now the head is bowed in great humility  
While deepening lines of care, and world pity  
Furrow heavy lines in that brave, manly brow.  
Enough, sad heart, Thy soul to crush, Thy head  
to bow!

Cheeks hollow, sunken with the awful strain  
Of midnight vigils filled with anxious pain;  
Lips all aquiver, ever nigh to sympathetic tears  
Through all those weary, gloomy, saddened years.

Eyes, Ah, 'tis here the hurt, within their depths,  
shows most!

For here the bitter sadness of a sorrowing host  
Of suffering, yearning, crying, hungering souls,  
That, deep within that mighty heart of love he  
holds,

Broods in those haunted, sleepless, wondering eyes,  
Like Autumn's sorrow for the dying leaves, which  
gloams the skies;

Where all the sadness of a Nation's myriad pain,  
And all the travail of a thousand mothers' slain  
Is buried deep within their piteous, brooding sweep!  
Ah, eyes that yearn, and eyes that turn to God, and  
eyes that weep!

## "FATHER ABRAHAM" THEY CALLED HIM

"Father Abraham" they called him,  
Spake it softly, spake it low,  
With a touch of sacred feeling—  
All his soldiers spake it so.

When the battle's smoke was rolling,  
When the maimed were lying low,  
"Father Abraham" they spake it,—  
Spake it tenderly, and low.

'Round the Camp Fires in the even,  
When his "Boys" all tenderly  
Sang their songs of home, and mother;  
With the tear drops falling free,  
Always sang they of another.  
"Father Abraham", 'twas he!

"Father Abraham", from white cots  
Spoken softly, with a gleam  
Of hope, and joy, and tender thoughts,  
From the dying breasts of men that seemed  
Nearer heaven than the earth;  
Place of pain where seemed a dirth  
Of tender hands, and tears, and words to pray,  
"Till "Father Abraham" passed that way.

## THE PATH HE TROD—THE PATH OF THE HILL

Two pathways wind the varied tread of life  
That men may take: adown the meadowed stream  
Beside the murmuring river where the strife  
Of battle sounds but dim, like echoing dream  
That is so far away it seems a fairy tale,  
And not a bloody truth that turns men pale!  
Adown this flowered way are softened beds of  
green  
Where one may storied tales and poems glean.

The other pathway leads across a barren hill  
All seared with many a pain and human ill;  
Where grass is burned to black beneath the manly  
tread  
Of many thousand souls along that pathway dead!  
The petals of the flowers are crisp and dried;  
Beneath the burdened pain of war the fair have  
died!  
A weary traveler climbs with faltering pain  
That path of gloom where loyal hearts are slain!

Two men have trod this barren, pain swept hill  
In sacrifice for sin and human ill.  
Fire blanched the winding way that path must lead;  
The hearts of men who go its weary way must  
bleed!  
Because, where ends the path, far trod, and high  
A cross stands bare, outlined against the lonely sky!



## HIS ENTRANCE TO FORD'S THEATRE

Ford's Theatre in Washington this night  
Is filled with people e'er the shadow light  
Of evening has died from out the west.  
And many a laugh, and many a jest  
Rings out from many happy hearts,  
From stately hall, from street, and marts.

When Lincoln enters that great hall  
With many a shout and many a call  
Of joy and pride, and love, they all arise  
And ringing cheers reach to the skies!  
Then tender hearted Lincoln stands  
And reaches out his great rough hands—  
In blessing, waves them o'er their heads,  
While through his mind with muffled treads  
His "Boys" in blue pass by, and tears  
Of sorrow trickle down each cheek.  
He waves his hand—he cannot speak!

Ah, Lincoln, you have suffered much!  
But now it seems, within your touch  
Is all that you have hungered for  
Through all the sad, and bitter war;  
The hope of all your life it seems;  
The fulfillment of all your dreams;—  
But tragedy of tragedies!  
Within the moment of your peace  
You are within the traitor's touch!  
Ah, Lincoln, you have suffered much!

## THE STORM AND THE CALM

For a moment the silence of death reigns in that  
building, vast;  
But as the truth is realized, a cry of vengeance rends  
the skies,  
And never was a scene more awful than that thundering  
blast  
Of passionate and shrieking hate, and wilder, cruel  
cries  
Of "Kill him! Kill him! Kill him!" throbbing from  
the many breasts;  
A storm of hate, and vengeance, throbbing, lunging,  
plunging to its crest!

What a contrast with that howling storm without,  
is there  
Within the chamber where the martyred Lincoln  
lies, and where  
A solemn hush has fallen o'er the great men gathered  
in the room  
Where breathes the pale, unconscious form athrough  
the long night's silent gloom.  
At last the day light breaks above the country's  
saddened east  
While calmness sweet, spreads o'er his pale and  
wrinkled face, in peace  
Eternal, and the Modern Man of Sorrows passes  
to his rest.

## “NOW HE BELONGS TO THE AGES”

(Spoken by Secretary Stanton two minutes after Lincoln had passed away.)

Silence falls, unbroken save by sobs of strong men  
In that room, where Lincoln, at the morning hour's  
chime

Passes out into the unknown from the world of human ken.

Gone his body and his life work from the world  
inclosed by time;

But in the silence that was falling after breath of  
broken prayer,

Words eternal broke the quiet like a bell toll on the  
air;

Never in the world's wide story, wiser spoke nor  
Prophet, spoke nor Sages,

Than these words that broke the silence: “He belongs now, to the Ages!”

“To the Ages!” well you spoke it, Stanton of the  
massive mind!

He belongs, the years have shown it, to the world  
of human kind!

Heard his story, where'er hearts throb o'er the  
world's far spreading way;

Heard his story, children listen at the closing of the  
day;

Heard his story, lovers speak it, in their hushed and  
saddened tones

As they wander in the twilight dreaming of their  
coming homes;

Heard his story, statesmen tell it, with a thrill of  
pride and truth;

Heard his story, old men speak it to the country's  
growing youth.  
And the years have shown the Prophets, and the  
years have shown the Sages;  
Writ in fire these words of wisdom,—“He belongs  
now, to the Ages!”







